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Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches.

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SBYTERIAN.—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday School 12 m., Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7 p. m. REV. M. L. DONAHEY, Pastor

T. AUGUSTINE.—Mass 8 a. m., High Mass 10 a. m., Vespers 2 p. m. REV. M. PUETZ, Pastor.

METHODIST.—Church 10:30 a. m., 7p. m., Sabbath School 2:15 a. m., Young People's Meeting 6:30 p. m., Epworth League Meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7 p. m. REV. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

PAUL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30p. m., (or 10 a. m., as announced previous Sunday) Sunday School 9 a. m. REV. W. L. FISHER, Pastor.

JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Twp., Church 10 a. m. REV. W. L. FISHER, PASTOR.

EMANUAL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30 p. m. Sunday School 10 a. m. REV. L. DAMMONN Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN. — Napoleon Twp. Church 10 a. m. REV. L. DAMMONN, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN.—South Napoleon; church every week, 10:30 a. m. and in the evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday 7 p. m REV. C. B. FLETCHER, Pastor.

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Recorder	J. W. Hanna
Surveyor	W. O. Hudson
Coroner	J. S. Haly
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TERESA

BY CAPTAIN C. A. CURTIS, U.S. ARMY

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The following day, the wind having somewhat subsided, the mules were attached to the bob, and Raymer accompanied the fatigued party to the forest to show the men how to load logs in lumberman style. Day after day for nearly a week he continued this supervision, filling the woodyard with dry pitch pine logs, to be sawed and split into fuel, in preparation for the blockade expected in February and March. During this time no one arrived from Jemez or elsewhere except the weekly military couriers from Santa Fe.

At the end of the week and for several days succeeding Raymer noticed whenever he returned from the forest to his cabin that it appeared to be in better order than usual. There was a neater arrangement of rugs and furs, and the articles on the mantel were more tastefully disposed. His center table was in order. His letters and papers were gathered into bundles and tied with tape.

It became interesting to watch these gradual improvements, and he wondered that his old soldier servant had not earlier developed this taste for order. When Cain came in to prepare dinner one day, Raymer said:

"You are improving in the care of my quarters, Cain. They look very neat."

"It's not me, sor, that's improvin 'em. It's the Saynyora Vayher."

"What!"

"The ould leddy, sor. She comes in and rades the liftinint's books ev'ry marnin when he goes to the woods."

"Then you have seen her face, Cain.

"Not a glimpse of it, sor. She comes over after I get through me work and lave. I came back onct for somethin, but she got a sight uv me through the windy and wint awa' before I rached the dure."

"Does she come every day?"

"Since foive days back, sor. She sits by the windy and laves whin she says the liftinint returnin."

Raymer asked a few more questions, and after Cain had gone took a more comprehensive view of the room. Yes, of course, no one but a woman could have made such a bachelor's den as this look so tidy. La senora might be old, but she was evidently a woman of taste.

What could she be reading? In Spanish there was literally nothing but the Reader, "Don Quixote" and Dona Teresa's prayer book. Of course she could not read anything in English. She must have confined her reading to the adventures of the "Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance" or the devotional pages of the missal. "Well, poor old girl, she's welcome to any amusement she can find here. I'll not interfere with her," was the concluding reflection of the lieutenant.

The weather continued cold, and the wind continued to blow and pile the snow in drifts, but the camp and the wood road being somewhat sheltered by the pine clad point the work of drawing logs went on, and the young officer found his usual recreation and exercise in going out a few hours every forenoon. He looked in daily upon the wounded boy, who seemed to be on the road to recovery.

On the third day after making the discovery of la senora's invasion of his quarters, while assisting in the work of binding a load of logs, Raymer injured his hand and returned to camp much earlier than usual for the purpose of dressing the wound. When he arrived at the end of the line of cabins farthest from his own, instead of walking along the front directly to his door, as he had hitherto done, he turned to the rear and ascended the ridge to the guardhouse, stopping there a few moments to make an inspection. Then he walked slowly to his cabin from the rear.

On entering his quarters a female figure sprang quickly from a camp chair by the window and stood facing him, an open book in her hand. A dark blue

A female figure sprang quickly from a camp chair.

flannel gown, bound at the waist with a silken sash, fell in graceful lines to her feet. A silk rebozo of black and yellow stripes hung over one shoulder, its fringed ends nearly reaching the floor.

Astounded at this unexpected vision—this startling transformation—the lieutenant stood silently gazing at the lovely and blushing girl for nearly a half minute.

"Teresa Valencia!" he exclaimed.

"La misma, senor," was the response in a low and self deprecating tone, and she picked up her cloak and began to move toward the door.

"No, do not go," objected the excited lieutenant. "Now that I know who is my guest there must be a rearrangement of things. Please remain here until I return. I'll be gone but a few moments."

CHAPTER VI.

Teresa resumed her chair without a word and sat looking into the fire, a slight contraction of the fair brow and drooping of the shoulders showing that she was undergoing some mental struggle. Simulation of another character than her own was at an end. "La misma," she had responded to the lieutenant's exclamation. Yes, she was the same Teresa Valencia he had seen in Santa Fe, and she half regretted that she had assumed another character. It certainly had availed her nothing. He had once rescued her from insult and thrice from suffering and possible death, and she began to think that he only could relieve her from her present embarrassing situation.

Raymer hastened to the quarters of Mrs. Sullivan, the laundress. It is hardly necessary to follow his reflections from the instant he discovered a charming girl in the person he had hitherto looked upon as an uninteresting old woman, to whom he owed nothing but courtesy and the protection due the weak from the strong. His one thought now was to relieve the unhappy maid from the anxieties connected with her situation.

He saw plainly why she had made the attempt to conceal her identity and why she had attempted to quit the valley and leave no clew. But the fates had been against her and had finally left her alone and unattended in the midst of strangers. In the eyes of her parents nothing could be much worse.

Arrived at the cabin of the laundress, the officer succeeded in making that industrious matron understand that La Senora Vieja, who had been rescued from the Indians, proved to be Dona Teresa Valencia of Albuquerque.

"The blessed darlint," exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan. "I knew her well in Santa Fe, and my Jenny there," pointing to a rosy Irish girl of 16, who was ironing in a corner of the room, "jist id'lizes her. Jenny was a day scholar at the sisters' school, ye remimber. Well, some of the gir-r-r-ls of the big families thought thimsilves too grand to trate the daughter of a poor soldier b'y dacentlike, and it was this same Tressy Vlency that took her part, and alw'ys hed a swate smile and koind word for her, and trated her like an aquel. Donny Tressy in this camp! What shall I do for her, liftinint?"

"That is what I have come to see you about, Mrs. Sullivan. I need not tell you, who have lived so long in the territory, what it means for a Mexican girl to be alone in this camp. The young lady has felt this from the first, as you can see by her desire to conceal her personality and her attempt to leave in the storm the other day. I accidentally discovered her secret but a few moments ago, and as she has no attendants I want you to let Jehny act as her companion and maid until she leaves. I shall take measures to communicate with her relatives at once."

"Jenny shall go, liftinint."

"Thank you, Mrs. Sullivan. While she is getting ready I will go to the sickroom and have Mason dress my hand. It was hurt in the woods, and in the excitement of meeting Miss Valencia I had forgotten I came on account of it. Will be back shortly."

Mother and daughter then retired to a lean to, where the girl made her toilet, and the mother packed a portmanteau with her necessary belongings. When all was ready, Jenny took the valise and started, meeting the officer in the door.

"Let me carry that bag for you, Jenny," said Raymer, advancing and offering to take it.

"No, no!" exclaimed the mother. "It's the gentleman ye are, liftinint, to offer to hilp me gir-r-r-l, but we've the camp full of min for that sort of thing. I'll sind it afther ye by one of the b'ys."

Accompanied by the girl, Mr. Raymer returned to his cabin, where Dona Teresa sat waiting.

"Miss Valencia," said he, "I have brought you a maid. But," he quickly added in Spanish, "I beg pardon. You do not understand English."

"Quite as well as you do Spanish, I fancy, Mr. Raymer," answered Teresa in excellent English.

"Pardon my forgetfulness. I had forgotten the essay at the convent and that I overheard your conversation with your father. I have brought you an old acquaintance. This is Jenny Sullivan, whom you will remember, I think," and the lieutenant stepped aside, disclosing the young girl in the doorway.

"It cannot be!" exclaimed Teresa, her beautiful eyes dilating. "It is indeed Jenny Sullivan. Oh, Mr. Raymer, how fortunate!" taking Jenny's hands, with an involuntary gesture of relief and pleasure.

If the young man could have entertained a lingering doubt concerning his own state of mind, it would now have been dispelled forever. That lovely face, flushing with emotion, the beautiful eyes filled with tears, but beaming with trust and gratitude, completed the conquest.

"Ah, Jenny," added Teresa, "if I had only known at first that it was you whom Mr. Raymer wished to attend me! You and your mother could have aided me in maintaining the character of La Senora Vieja until I found opportunity to leave the valley."

"Oh, yes, miss, we would have been glad to," answered the delighted Jenny.

"I trust I may be pardoned for expressing my satisfaction at the result of your oversight," said Raymer. "I can aid you better in your own character than in that of another, particularly so reticent a person as the old lady."

"I will try to be more communicative in future, Mr. Raymer. Come, Jenny; let us go to my cabin."

"Let me exchange cabins with you, Miss Valencia," urged the lieutenant, following his departing guest to the door. "This is much the most comfortable and convenient."

"Thank you, but my own is very cozy and will do for the few days I shall remain here. Besides, you know, el comandante should have the best quarters."

"Not at the expense of a lady's comfort," replied Raymer. "It will take but a few moments for the men to prepare for an exchange."

"Thank you, but my present quarters are good enough. I am perfectly satisfied."

"Will you dine with me, please?"

Hesitatingly, "Yes, thank you."

Teresa took up the long cloak which had hitherto concealed her features and started with Jenny for her cabin, but the lieutenant observed that she did not now throw the hood over her head, nor did she again affect the decrepit gait or stooping form, but walked with maiden grace, her blond tresses exposed to the winter breeze.

The sentinel at the guardhouse was surprised out of his soldierly equanimity as the young woman passed along the path. He halted and faced outward, and the lieutenant half expected him to present arms, but he recovered himself and walked on with a suppressed whistle of astonishment.

Through sentinel and laundress it was soon known throughout the camp that La Senora Vieja had been miraculously transformed into a beautiful and graceful maiden.

Half an hour later Jenny appeared at the officer's cabin with the request from her mistress that he would accompany her to the bedside of the wounded boy, Ramon, a thing she had been unable to do in her character of an old woman. Raymer replied that he would be pleased to do so at once and sent Cain to notify the boy and his nurse of the proposed call. A little later the officer and lady stood at the bedside. As Teresa stooped over Ramon extended his thin hand to clasp hers and said feebly in his mother tongue:

"Ah, Dona Teresa, you have revealed yourself."

"Yes, Ramon, by a silly accident, but perhaps a fortunate one."

"I think it better, my mistress. El comandante and the soldiers are brave men and kind."

"But, my poor Ramonito, how you have suffered in aiding me! You are very brave."

"It was nothing, dona. It is a privilege to be wounded in your service."

"Gallantly said, my lad," interrupted Raymer. "You are a born chevalier."

"He is indeed, Mr. Raymer," said Teresa. "He took a fearful risk when he left Los Ojos Frios for the valley, volunteering when the men refused."

"It was nothing, dona. You needed help, and quickly."

"Nothing to risk your life for ours? I am very proud of you, Ramon, and you shall be my brother always. How thin and worn you are!" and the young lady cast a look of inquiry toward Mason, whom she recognized as the chief attendant. She hesitated to put her question in words for fear the answer would be unfavorable, but the soldier read her thoughts and said in English to the lieutenant:

"You can tell her, sir, that there is little doubt but the boy will get well and in time recover the use of his leg. He is weak and thin from homesickness and the great loss of blood."

"Thank you, doctor," said Teresa in the same tongue. "That is good news. I feared he might not survive his wound."

"It was a close call, miss, but I did my best, and the boy's pluck and constitution have done more."

"How long before he can travel, doctor?"

"Beg pardon, miss, but you give me a title to which I have no claim. I am plain Private Mason of the army."

"Are the men of the army usually so skilled in the treatment of broken limbs?" asked the puzzled Teresa.

"Mason, Miss Valencia," replied the lieutenant, "did considerable service in field hospitals the two first years of the war, acquiring a good practical knowledge of gunshot wounds. He has been of great use to us in the valley."

"When do you think Ramon can be moved, Mr. Mason?"

"May I correct you again, Miss Valencia? I have as little right to be called mister as doctor. That title in the army belongs exclusively to the lieutenants. About the boy, I think he can leave the camp in a month if he can go in a carriage."

The conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Cain, who announced that dinner was ready. The lieutenant conducted his companion to his cabin, where plates were set for two.

The valleys abound in game, and the commissary storeroom hung with venison and fowl in their season. Throughout the fall and until the recent snowstorm the company hunters had been diligent in laying in supplies. Through Cain the cooks had learned of the lieutenant's proposed dinner to his guest, and they had voluntarily taxed their culinary skill to the utmost to do him credit. A couple of trout, fresh from the brook, a small roast of venison and a pheasant were the principal dishes.

The officer's camp chest had been exhausted of its resources in the attempt to do honor to Dona Teresa. Cain had achieved several original effects with commonplace material, and he waited upon the table with a zeal never before exhibited in the service of his employer.

It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that Raymer contemplated the beautiful girl sitting opposite him with an inward hope that the present moment might be prophetic of a future relationship. She showed no evidence of having been secluded from the society of gentlemen, but seemed as much at ease as any young lady in the list of his eastern acquaintances.

Conversation for awhile ran upon commonplaces, but before long the lieutenant asked how she came to be on the trail leading through his camp at the time of the rescue at Los Ojos Frios. Teresa replied that in company with an elderly maiden aunt she had been making a series of visits to relatives and former schoolmates in several towns along the Rio Grande, ending in the Rio Ariba at Abiqui; that upon leaving the latter place on their way home they concluded to take a short cut through Los Valles Grandes and visit an uncle, whom he had met at La Noca Grande—the priest at the Jemez pueblo. She had posted a letter to her parents before leaving Abiqui notifying them of her intention, but as the mail left once a fortnight they could not have received it until 13 days after she started. There was no mail service to the Indian pueblo of Jemez, all letters being sent there by special messenger. Her parents could not, therefore, even suspect her present plight unless Antonio and Manuel had gone safely through and reported. All of the escort were strangers whom her aunt had hired at Abiqui. Ramon and Juana were servants in her parents' household.

Everything had gone well until they reached a hamlet five miles north of Los Ojos Frios. There her aunt was taken sick and concluded it would be imprudent for her to continue the journey on horseback. After consultation it was decided that Teresa should go on to Jemez without delay, and that her aunt should as soon as she was able to take a carriage to Santa Fe.

It had not been the intention of the party to halt in the valley, but to pass the camp well to the east, stopping over night at Los Ojos Calientes, 12 miles to the south, and finishing the journey on the following day.

The start was made, and the party had nearly reached the cold springs when a body of 20 Navajoes was discovered in close pursuit, but by a great effort the cabins were gained and entered and the doors and windows barred.

The cabins being of adobe, there was little fear of immediate capture. When about to enter the houses, Teresa ordered Antonio to send one man or go himself for help to the camp in Los Valles Grandes, but not a man dared make the attempt. The boy Ramon volunteered, and after receiving hasty instructions dashed off, with half a dozen yelling savages at his heels.

"Much that I have told you already know," said Teresa. "What occurred after your arrival I need not repeat."

"Except to explain why you assumed the character of your aunt," suggested the lieutenant.

"I supposed we should continue our journey with but a few hours' delay in your camp, and I did not care to make the acquaintance of any one. An old and infirm woman would not invite attention."

"How well you did the character!"

"I used to do the old lady parts in amateur theatricals. I must have done well here, for you left me severely alone."

"Not more than you desired certainly."

"More than you would have done perhaps had you known I was younger."

"Very likely. Youth attracts youth, you know, but I think I offered La Senora Vieja considerably more attention than she was willing to receive," replied Raymer.

"That is true, and I assure you I always felt confident of kindly treatment from you under all circumstances."

"Thank you. Did you know who commanded here when you sent for assistance?"

"I learned that at La Roca Grande."

"Of course, and that reminds me that we can now clear up a few mysteries."

"Very well. Where is Vic? I have missed her ever since I came."

"I sent her to Santa Fe at the request of a friend who wanted her for a hunting trip."

"I looked for her when I dismounted, and I am sure I dreaded meeting her more than el comandante. She took a decided liking for me, you remember, and I felt sure she would penetrate my disguise if you did not. I had really resolved to deny her acquaintance and manifest a decided antipathy to dogs. I think if it had been necessary for preserving my incognito I could have pulled her tail or trod on her toes."

"And you seemed so fond of her too."

"Yes, the dear little doggie. Can I ever forget that but for her we should have lost our lives? Nine miles to camp and nine in return. Done as intelligently as if she were a human being. When will she be back, Mr. Raymer?"

"I expected her with the last express, but Mr. Reed wrote that he would send her next time. I was obliged to send her to Santa Fe by a wagon going for supplies, but she will follow the cavalrymen back."

"Did Sergeant Cunningham receive my medal?"

"I think not. The company presented the collar some time ago," replied Raymer.

"I ordered a platero in Albuquerque to make the medal and forward it to the sergeant by mail."

"Cain," said the lieutenant to his servant, "go to the orderly room and ask the sergeant if he has received a medal for Vic, and if he has to lend it to me for a few minutes." Then, turning again to his guest, he said, "How came you to be on the Roca Grande trail that day?"

"I had been visiting my mother's brother, Father Gutierrez, in company with a cousin of papa's, Sister Josepha, who, with another sister, went to Jemez on business of the church. The sisters were teachers of mine at the convent. I was on the trail with them because I was to accompany them to Santa Fe."

"You recognized me at La Roca?" asked Raymer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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DR. GEO. R. TEEPLE, HONORARY GRADUATE OF THE Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto Canada. TREATS all diseases of horses and cattle. Office in Saur & Balsley's drug store.

DR. KARL H. KOLBE, HONORARY GRADUATE OF THE Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, Can TREATS all diseases of horses and cattle. Office in Saur & Balsley's drug store; also in his north Perry street livery stable.

ATTORNEYS.

THOS. A. CONWAY, Attorney at Law, NAPOLEON, OHIO. MONEY TO LOAN. Collections promptly attended to. Office, rooms 5 and 6 Vocke block.

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C. F. FREASE, Attorney at Law, Office in Frease block, opposite court house, Napoleon, Ohio.

JUSTICES.

J. P. DUNBAR, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE And Pension Agent, Marion township, Henry county, Ohio. Post-office address Hamler.

JOSEPH WEIBLE, Notary Public and Insurance Agent. FLORIDA, HENRY COUNTY, OHIO. DEEDS, Mortgages and Contracts drawn. Agt for the old and reliable Phoenix Ins. Co., of Hartford, and also agent for the People's Mutual Benefit Association, of Westerville, Ohio. All business promptly attended to.

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